

The contention of the two famous Houses,
Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Buckingham.

Yorke. Whose within there?
Enter one.

One. My Lord.

*Yorke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salisbury and Warwick to
sup with me to night.*

Exit Yorke.

One. I will my Lord.

Exit.

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke
Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if
they came from Hawking.*

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these filly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloster, how hyc your hawke did fore,
And on a sodaine sou'd the Partridge downe.

Suff. No maruell if it please your Maiesty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre so well,
They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.

Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a base minde,
That sores no higher then a bird can fore.

Card. I thought your Grace would be about the clouds.

Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.

Card. Thy heaven is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate
on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it
thus with King and Gommonwealth.

Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church
men so hot? Good vnkle can you do'r.

Suf. Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a cause?

Hum. As how, my Lord?

Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Prote-
ctorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene

Yorke and Lancaster.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster,

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whette not on these furious
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Hum. Faich holy Vnkle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Euen when thou dar'st.

Hum. Dare: I tel thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brook
the dare.

Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of
Gaunt.

Hum. In bastardy.

Card. I scorne thy words.

Hum. Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in thine owne
person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Card. Here's my hand, I will.

King. Why how now Lords?

Card. Faich Cofin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone,
we had had more sport to day, Come with thy sword and Buck-
ler.

Hum. Gods mother Priest Ile shaue your crowne.

Card. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King. The winde growes high, so dothy our choller Lords.

Enter one crying a miracle, a miracle.

How now? Now sirra, what miracle is it?

One. And it please your Grace, there is a man that came blind
to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at the shrine.

King. Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie the lord with
him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, with Mu-
sicke, bearing the man that had bene blind between
two in a chaire

King. Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:

Where wast thou borne?

Poore man, At Barwicke please your Maiesty in the North.

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Hum.